THE SONG OF SONGS

WHICH IS SOLOMON'S?

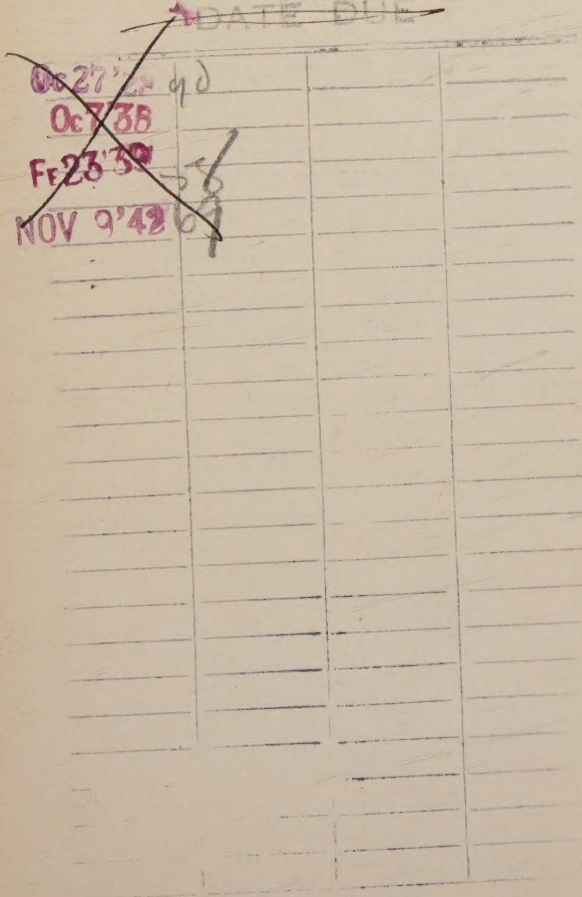
223.9052
B582
M494

AS CITY, (MO.) PUBLIC LIBRARY

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

WITHDRAWN
PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS CITY
MO



PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS CITY
MO

THE SONG OF SONGS

WHICH IS SOLOMON'S

PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS CITY
MO

DM85
M47
WITHDRAWN

THE SONG OF SONGS

WHICH IS SOLOMON'S

AN AMERICAN
TRANSLATION

By

THEOPHILE JAMES MEEK

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1927

LIBRARY
CENTRAL BAPTIST SEMINARY
KANSAS CITY 2, KANSAS

PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS CITY
MO

COPYRIGHT 1927 BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

223.9
B58m
c.2

WESTPORT

75-56m

No 8 '37

556329

WITHDRAWN

223.9052
B582
n494

THE SONG OF SONGS

THE MAIDEN TO THE YOUTH

Kiss me with kisses from your mouth,
for your love is better than wine;
the fragrance of your ointments is sweet;
Your very self is a precious ointment;
therefore do the maidens love you.
Take me along with you, let us hasten;
bring me, O king into your chamber,
That we may exult and rejoice in you,
that we may praise your love more than wine;
rightly are you loved.

THE MAIDEN TO THE CHORUS

Blackened am I, but comely,
O maidens of Jerusalem,
Like the tents of Kedar,
like the hangings of Solomon.
Do not notice that I am blackened,
that the sun has scorched me,
my mother's son has burned me.
I was made keeper of the vineyards,
but the vineyards committed to me I have not kept.

20477

THE MAIDEN TO THE YOUTH

Tell me, you whom I love,
where you are pasturing your flock,
where you are making your fold at noon;
For why should I be like one veiled,
beside the flocks of your companions?

THE CHORUS TO THE MAIDEN

If you do not know,
O most beautiful of women,
Follow in the tracks of the flock,
And pasture your kids,
beside the tents of the shepherds.

THE YOUTH TO THE MAIDEN

To a steed in Pharaoh's chariots,
I compare you, my love.
Your cheeks are comely with bangles,
your neck with beads.
Bangles of gold we will make for you,
with studs of silver.

THE MAIDEN TO THE CHORUS

While the king was on his couch,
his nard gave forth its fragrance.
A bunch of myrrh is my beloved to me,
as he lies at night between my breasts;
A cluster of henna is my beloved to me,
from the gardens of Engedi.

THE YOUTH TO THE MAIDEN

Ah, you are beautiful, my love;
ah, you are beautiful;
Your eyes are doves.

THE MAIDEN TO THE YOUTH

Ah, you are beautiful, my beloved,
yea, lovely.
Yea, our couch is leafy,
The beams of our house are cedars,
our rafters cypresses.

THE MAIDEN

I am a saffron of the plain,
a hyacinth of the valleys.

THE YOUTH

Like a hyacinth among thistles,
so is my beloved one among the maidens.

THE MAIDEN TO THE CHORUS

Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest,
so is my beloved among the youths.
In his shadow I long to sit,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
Bring me to the house of wine,
and look upon me with love.

Stay me with raisin cakes,
refresh me with apples;
for I am sick with love.
Let his left hand be under my head,
and his right hand embrace me.

I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles or by the hinds of the field,
That you rouse not, nor awaken love,
until it please.

Hark! my beloved!
ah, here he comes,
Leaping over the mountains,
skipping over the hills.
My beloved is like a gazelle,
or a young stag.
Ah, here he stands,
behind our wall,
Looking through the windows,
peering through the lattices!
My beloved spoke up, and said to me,
"Rise, my love,
my beautiful one, come away;
For, see, the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone;
The flowers have appeared on the earth,
the time of song has come;
And the call of the turtle dove
is heard in our land;

The fig tree is putting forth its figs,
and the blossoming grapevines give forth fragrance.
Rise, my love,
my beautiful one, come away.
O my dove in the cleft of the rocks,
in the recesses of the cliffs,
Let me see your form,
let me hear your voice;
For your voice is sweet,
and your form is comely."

Catch for us the foxes,
the little foxes,
That are despoiling the vineyards,
since our vineyards are in bloom.

My beloved belongs to me, and I to him,
who is pasturing his flock among the hyacinths
Until the day blows,
and the shadows flee,
Gambol, my beloved,
like a gazelle or a young stag upon the craggy mountains.

Upon my bed at night,
I sought him whom I love;
I sought him, but could not find him;
I called him, but he did not answer me.
I will rise then, and go about the city,
in the streets and in the squares,

To seek him whom I love;
I sought him, but could not find him.
The watchmen who go about the city found me,
"Have you seen him whom I love?"
Scarcely did I get by them,
when I found him whom I love.
I held him and would not let him go,
until I brought him to my mother's house,
to the chamber of her who bore me.

I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles or by the hinds of the field,
That you rouse not, nor awaken love,
until it please.

THE CHORUS

What is this coming up from the wilderness,
like columns of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
made from all kinds of merchants' spices?
Ah, it is the litter of Solomon.
Sixty warriors are around it,
of the warriors of Israel,
All of them armed with swords,
trained in war,
Each with his sword upon his hip,
against danger at night.
King Solomon made himself a palanquin,
from the woods of Lebanon.

He made its columns of silver,
its seat of gold,
Its body of purple,
its interior inlaid with ebony.
O maidens of Jerusalem, go forth,
and gaze upon king Solomon,
On the crown with which his mother crowned him,
on the day of his nuptials,
on the day of his gladness of heart.

THE YOUTH TO THE MAIDEN

Ah, you are beautiful, my love;
ah, you are beautiful!
Your eyes are doves,
behind your veil.
Your hair is like a flock of goats,
streaming down from Mount Gilead.
Your teeth are like a flock of ewes ready for shearing,
that have come up from the washing,
All of which bear twins,
and none of which loses its young.
Your lips are like a thread of scarlet,
and your mouth is comely.
Your temple is like a slice of pomegranate,
behind your veil.
Your neck is like the tower of David,
built as an armory,
With a thousand bucklers hung upon it,
all kinds of warriors' shields.

Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle,
that pasture among the hyacinths.
Until the day blows,
and the shadows flee,
I will betake myself to the mountain of myrrh,
and to the hill of frankincense.
You are altogether beautiful, my love,
and there is no blemish in you.

Come from Lebanon, my bride;
come from Lebanon, come!
Descend from the top of Amana,
from the top of Senir (that is, Hermon),
From the dens of lions,
from the mountains of leopards.
You have heartened me, my sister, my bride,
you have heartened me,
With one glance of your eyes,
with one turn of your neck.
How beautiful is your love,
my sister, my bride!
How much better is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your ointments than
all kinds of perfume!
As for your lips, my bride,
they distil sweetness;
Honey and milk are under your tongue,
and the fragrance of your garments is like
the fragrance of Lebanon.

A garden inclosed is my sister, my bride,
a garden inclosed, a fountain sealed,
A garden fountain, a well of fresh water,
and flowing streams from Lebanon.
Your products are a park of pomegranates,
together with choice fruits,
henna with nard,
Nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,
together with all kinds of frankincense
woods,
Myrrh and aloes,
together with all the finest perfumes.

THE MAIDEN

Awake, northwind,
and come, southwind!
Blow upon my garden,
that its perfumes may distil,
That my beloved may come to his garden,
and eat its choice fruits.

THE YOUTH TO THE MAIDEN

I have come to my garden, my sister, my bride,
To gather my myrrh with my spice,
To eat my honeycomb with my honey,
To drink my wine with my milk.

THE CHORUS

Eat, lovers, drink,
and be drunk with love.

THE MAIDEN

I was asleep, but my fancy was alert;
hark! my beloved is knocking:
"Open to me, my sister, my love,
my dove, my perfect one;
For my head is filled with dew,
my locks with the mist of the night."
"I have taken off my garments;
why should I put them on again?
I have washed my feet;
why should I soil them?"
My beloved took his hand from the doorway,
and my heart yearned for him.
I rose to open to my beloved,
and my hands dripped myrrh,
And my fingers flowing myrrh,
upon the handles of the bar.
I opened to my beloved,
but my beloved had turned away, had gone.
I longed for speech with him;
I sought him, but could not find him;
I called him, but he did not answer me;
The watchmen who go about the city found me;
they smote me, they wounded me;
They stripped me of my mantle,
the guardians of the walls.

I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
if you find my beloved,
That you tell him,
that I am sick with love.

THE CHORUS TO THE MAIDEN

What is your lover but a lover,
O most beautiful of women?
What is your lover but a lover,
that you do so adjure us?

THE MAIDEN TO THE CHORUS

My beloved is fair and ruddy,
distinguished among myriads.
His head is fine gold,
his locks palm branches,
as black as a raven.
His eyes are like doves,
by streams of water,
Bathing in milk,
sitting by a pool.
His cheeks are like beds of spices,
exhaling perfumes.
His lips are hyacinths,
dropping flowing myrrh.
His hands are rods of gold,
studded with Tarshish-stones.

His body is a column of ivory,
adorned with sapphires.
His legs are pillars of marble,
set on bases of gold.
His form is like Lebanon,
as choice as cedars.
His mouth is sweet,
and he is altogether lovely.
Such is my beloved, and such my lover,
O maidens of Jerusalem.

THE CHORUS TO THE MAIDEN

Whither has your beloved gone,
O most beautiful of women?
Whither has your beloved turned,
that we may seek him with you?

THE MAIDEN TO THE CHORUS

My beloved has gone down to his garden,
to the beds of spices,
To pasture his flock in the gardens,
and gather hyacinths.
I belong to my beloved, and my beloved to me,
who pastures his flock among the hyacynths.

Westport

THE YOUTH TO THE MAIDEN

You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my love,
as comely as Jerusalem,
as august as the most distinguished.
Turn your eyes away from me,
for they dazzle me.
Your hair is like a flock of goats,
streaming down from Gilead.
Your teeth are a flock of ewes,
that have come up from the washing,
All of which bear twins,
and none of which loses its young.
Your temple is like a slice of pomegranate,
behind your veil.
Sixty are the queens, and eighty the concubines,
and the maidens are numberless.
The only one is she,
my dove, my perfect one;
She is the only one of her mother;
she is the darling of her who bore her.
The maidens look upon her and bless her,
the queens and concubines praise her:
"Who is she that breaks forth like the dawn,
as beautiful as the moon,
As bright as the sun,
as august as the most distinguished?"

THE MAIDEN

I WENT down to the nut garden,
to look at the verdure of the valley,
To see whether the grapevine had budded,
whether the pomegranates had bloomed.
Before I knew it, my fancy set me
in the chariot of my ardent lover.

THE CHORUS TO THE MAIDEN

TURN, turn, O Shulammite;
turn, turn, that we may gaze on you.
Ah, gaze on the Shulammite,
in the Mahanaim dance.
How beautiful are your steps in sandals,
O rapturous maiden!
The curves of your hips are like necklaces,
the handicraft of an artist.
Your navel is a round bowl,
in which liquor is never lacking.
Your belly is a heap of wheat,
fenced in with hyacinths.
Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle.
Your neck is like a tower of ivory,
your head upon it is like Carmel.
Your eyes are pools in Heshbon,
at the gate of Bath-rabbim.

Your nose is like a peak of Lebanon,
overlooking Damascus.
And the hair of your head is like purple,
in whose tresses a king is caught.
How beautiful, yea, how lovely you are,
beloved one, joyous maiden!

THE YOUTH TO THE MAIDEN

Your very stature is like a palm tree,
and your breasts like clusters.
I said, "Let me climb the palm tree,
let me take hold of its clusters,
And let your breasts be like clusters of the vine,
and the breath of your nose like apples,
And your palate like finest wine,
flowing pleasantly into my mouth,
stirring my lips and teeth."

THE MAIDEN

I belong to my beloved,
and his longing is for me.
Come, my beloved, let us go into the field,
let us rest among the henna flowers;
Let us go early to the vineyards,
to see whether the grapevine has budded,
Whether the vine blossoms have opened,
the pomegranates bloomed.

There I will give
my love to you.
The mandrakes give forth fragrance,
and at our doors are all kinds of choice fruits,
Both new and old,
which I have treasured for you, my beloved.

O that you were really my brother,
who had sucked the breasts of my mother,
That I might find you in the street, kiss you,
and no one then despise me;
That I might lead you, bring you to the house of my mother,
to the chamber of her who bore me;
That I might give you some spiced wine to drink,
some pomegranate juice;
That your left hand might be under my head,
and your right hand embrace me.

I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
That you rouse not, nor awaken love,
until it please.

THE CHORUS

Who is this coming up from the wilderness,
leaning upon her beloved?

THE MAIDEN TO THE YOUTH

Under the apple tree I awakened you,
where your mother was in travail with you,
where she that bore you was in travail.
Place me like a seal upon your heart,
like a seal upon your arm;
For love is as mighty as death,
as strong as Sheol;
As for passion, its bolts are bolts of fire,
furious flames;
Many waters cannot quench love,
nor rivers overcome it.
If one were to offer all the substance of his house for love,
it would be utterly contemned.

THE CHORUS

Our sister is young,
and has no breasts.
What shall we do for our sister,
against the day when she will be spoken for?
If she is a wall,
we shall build a silver turret on her;
But if she is a door,
we shall secure her with cedar boards.

THE MAIDEN

If I were a wall,
and my breasts like towers,
Then would I be in his eyes,
like one who finds favor.

Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
He let the vineyard to caretakers.
Each was to bring a thousand shekels of silver
for its fruit,
While my vineyard is my own.
The thousand shekels are yours, O Solomon,
While two hundred belong to the caretakers
of the fruit.

O you who sit in the gardens,
with companions listening,
let me hear your voice!
Hasten, my beloved,
be like a gazelle,
Or a young stag,
upon the mountains of spices!

THE SONG OF SONGS

IS ONE OF THE BOOKS TRANSLATED FOR "THE OLD TESTAMENT, AN AMERICAN TRANSLATION," TO BE PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS IN SEPTEMBER. THIS SPECIAL EDITION FOR OUR FRIENDS IN THE TRADE IS SET IN GARAMONT, PRINTED ON IVORY GEORGIAN, AND COVERED WITH ST. ALBANS PAPER. FIVE HUNDRED COPIES HAVE BEEN PRINTED OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER

356

Date Due

MAY 1- '67			
MAY 16 '67			
APR 23 1973			
MAY 6 1978			
FEB 28 1984			

CENTRAL BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
0 0021 0022515 6

223.9052
B582
M494

Meek, T. H.
AUTHOR

The song of songs.
TITLE

223.9052
B582 Meek.
M494 The song of songs.

20477

KANSAS CITY, (MO.) PUBLIC LIBRA